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THE

CAMP MEETING

HYMN BOOK:

CONTAINING THE MOST APPROVED

HYMNS & SPIRITUAL SONGS,

USED BY THE

METHODIST CONNEXION

IN THE

UNITED STATES.

SENECA FALLS:

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1831.

HYMN BOOK.

1. P. M.

AWAKE, O guilty world, awake!
Behold the earth's foundation shake,
While the Redeemer bleeds for you!
His death proclaims to Adam's race,
Free grace, free grace, free grace, free grace,
To all the Jews, and Gentiles too.

2 Come, guilty mortals, come and see
Your Saviour hanging on a tree,
For you all dress'd in purple gore:
His weight of wo did veil the sun—
'Tis done 'tis done, 'tis done, 'tis done—
That man might live for evermore.

3 Behold the wounded Lamb of God,
Spreading his bleeding hands abroad—
Come see him yielding up to death—
Behold him in his agonies!
He dies, he dies, he dies, he dies,
And yields his last expiring breath.

4 He dies, and triumphs over death,
To give the dead immortal breath,
And spread the wonders of his name;
Shout, brethren, shout with cheerful voice,
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
And give the glory to the Lamb.

2. P. M.

THE Son of Man they did betray,
He was condemn'd and led away
Think, O my soul, on that dread day—
Look on Mount Calvary.
Behold him lamb-like led along,
Surrounded by a wicked throng,
Accused by each lying tongue,
And then the Lamb of God they hung
Upon the shameful tree.

2 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood;
From every wound a stream of blood
Came flowing down amain;
His bitter groans all nature shook,
And at his voice the rocks were broke,
The sleeping saints their graves forsook,
While spiteful Jews around him mock'd,
And laughed at his pain.

3 Now hung between the earth and skies,
Behold, in agonies he dies!
O sinners, hear his mournful cries!
Come see his tort'ring pain!
The morning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd and refus'd to view the sight;
The azure cloth'd in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd and stood affright,
When Christ the Lord was slain.

4 Hark! men and angels, hear the Son
He cries for help, but O, there's none!
He treads the wine-press all alone,
  His garments stain'd with blood.
In lamentations hear him cry—
"Eloi, lama sabacthani!"
Though death may close his languid eyes,
He soon will mount the upper skies,
  The conq'ring Son of God.

5 The Jews and Romans in a band,
With hearts like steel around him stand.
And mocking say, "Come save the land,
  Come try yourself to free."
A soldier pierced him when he died;
Then healing streams came from his side,
And thus my Lord was crucified;
Stern justice then was satisfied,
  Sinners, for you and me!

6 Behold! he mounts the throne of state,
He fills the mediatorial seat,
While millions, bowing at his feet,
  With loud hosannas tell:
Though he endur'd exquisite pains,
He led the monster death in chains:
Ye seraphs raise your highest strains,
With music fill bright Eden's plains:
  He conquer'd Death and Hell.

7 'Tis done! the dreadful debt is paid,

The great atonement now is made:
Sinners, on him your guilt was laid—
For you he spilt his blood:
For you his tender soul did move,
For you he left the courts above,
That you the length and breadth might prove,
And height and depth of perfect love,
In Christ your smiling God.

8 All glory be to God on high,
Who reigns enthron'd above the sky;
Who sent his Son to bleed and die:
Glory to him be given;
While heaven above his praise resounds,
O Zion, sing—his grace abounds;
I hope to shout eternal rounds,
In flaming love, that knows no bounds,
When swallow'd up in heav'n.

3. P. M.

MERCY, O thou Son of David!
Thus poor blind Bartemus pray'd,
Others by thy grace are saved,
Now vouchsafe to me thy aid.

2 While he cried many chid him,
But he pray'd the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
Come, and ask me what you will.

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging he us'd to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but he could give.

4 Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day;
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5 Now methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around:
Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

6 O that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advis'd by me,
Surely they would come unto him,
He would cause them all to see.

7 Now I freely leave my garments,
Follow Jesus in the way:
He will guide me by his counsel,
Lead me to eternal day.

8 There I shall behold my Saviour
Spotless, innocent, and pure:
There with him to reign for ever,
If I to the end endure.

4. C. M.

COME, lovely youth, embrace the truth,
And turn with one accord,
And use your tongues, while you are young.
In praising of the Lord.

2 My dearest friends, I pray attend
And hear to wisdom's voice:
Now is your time, while in your prime
To make a happy choice.

3 O flee those toys and carnal joys,
And look to Christ the Lord;
Salvation free for you and me
Is sounded in his word.

4 See Jesus stands, with bleeding hands
And pity in his eyes;
He calls you all, both great and small—
For you the Saviour dies.

5 Why will you go to endless wo,
In spite of all his charms,
While love commands and Jesus stands
To fold you in his arms.

6 Say are you prone him not to own,
Nor cause your hearts to fear,
Until he comes in judgment down
And stops your wild career?

7 He soon will rend, from end to end,
The regions of the air ;
Then you must rise in sore surprise—
O how will you appear.

8 Your darken'd minds & dreadful crimes,
Will fill you with dismay ;
While you must go to endless wo,
To one eternal day.

9 To-day, I pray, now while you may,
Find pardon in his blood ;
Surrender all up at his call,
And find your gracious God.

10 This load of sin, sure Jesus can
Now cancel with his blood—
Can heal your soul and make it whole,
In fellowship with God—

11 Can change your heart, make sin depart.
And heal your soul with grace—
Bear you above to worlds of love,
To see his Father's face.

12 Where peace shall roll through every soul,
And songs of triumph raise,
With comforts bright, in worlds of light
In everlasting days.

5. C. M.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopt my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies of blood;
He fixed his languid eye on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never, till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look;
He seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain?

7 A second look he gave, which said,
I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I died that thou may'st live.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy

My spirits now were fill'd;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

6. P. M.

THROUGHOUT the Saviour's life we trace
Nothing but shame and deep distress,
No period else is seen;
Till he a spotless victim fell,
Tasting in soul a painful hell,
Caus'd by the creature sin.

2 On the cold ground methink I see
My Saviour kneel and pray for me,
For this I him adore:
Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
Blood drops did force their passage out,
Through every opening pore.

3 The piercing thorns his temple bore,
His back with lashes all was tore,
Till thou the bones might see;
Mocking they push'd him here and there,
Marking his way with blood and tears,
Press'd by the heavy tree.

4 Thus up the hill he painful came,
Round him they mock'd and made their game,

At length his cross they rear ;
And can you see the mighty God,
Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
Without one thankful tear ?

5 Thus veiled in humanity,
He dies in anguish on the tree ;
What tongue his grief can tell ?
The shuddering rocks their heads recline,
The morning sun refus'd to shine,
When the Redeemer fell.

6 Shout, brethren, shout in songs divine,
He drank the gall to give us wine,
To quench our parching thirst.
Seraphs, advance your voices higher,
Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,
And laud the precious Christ.

7. P. M.

STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go ;
Can you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo ?
Hell beneath is gaping wide,
Vengeance waits the dread command,
Soon will stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd.

CHORUS.

Then be entreated now to stop,

For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware you'll drop
Into a burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that great day,
When his judgment will proclaim!
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar:
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair;
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson die;
Each for vengeance cry aloud,
And what will you reply?

4 Though your hearts be made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Though they now despise his grace;)
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.

5 But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know;
Though his arm be lifted up,
He still forbears the blow.
It was for sinners Jesus died;
Sinners he invites to come:
None that comes shall be denied—
He says there still is room.
For Jesus' sake, I pray you stop, &c.

8. P. M.

JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot—wise,
My compass is thy word:
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord:
I'll trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guard me with his eye:

My anchor, HOPE, will firm abide,
And every boisterous storm outride.

4 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss ;
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss :
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempest bursting o'er my head.

5 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest,
My soul thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast :
O may I gain the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves disturb no more.

6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace ;
Waft me from all below,
To heaven my destined place ;
Then in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

9. P. M.

WHAT glorious sound is this I hear ?
In sweetest strains it strikes my ear,
The news of heavenly grace :
From heaven the sound is issued forth,
And spread abroad from south to north,
To Adam's fallen race.

2 The Lord of glory sends the news,
To Gentile worlds and stubborn Jews;
For all his mercy's free:
Whoever will, may come and taste
The sweetness of his matchless grace,
And his salvation see.

3 The poor, the lame, the halt, the blind,
In Christ may every blessing find,
Of which they stand in need.
Riches and strength from Christ do flow,
He'll eyesight to the blind bestow,
And raise to light the dead.

4 For hungry, thirsty souls who pine,
He hath provided milk and wine,
Which he delights to give;
There needs no money here to buy;
He'll freely give a rich supply
To all who will receive.

5 For naked souls he's robes of grace,
For troubled souls he's gospel peace,
For sin-sick souls a cure:
For lepers, the all-cleansing blood
Hath freely from his body flow'd,
To wash and make them pure.

6 Come, sinners, now consent to taste
This soul-refreshing gospel feast,
It will your hearts revive;

Then you may sing the Saviour's love,
And all his boundless mercy prove,
And ever with him live.

10. C. M.

FREE grace, the song my tongue shall sing,
Free grace through Christ my Lord,
Who freely did salvation bring,
That man might be restor'd

2 Free grace for all my Saviour brought,
He offers it so free,
That by the blind it may be sought—
The poor may saved be.

3 The chief of sinners free grace found,
When he besought the Lord,
And, trembling, fell unto the ground,
As scripture doth record.

4 If Paul, the chief, could find free grace,
Then surely others may
With meekness seek the Saviour's face,
And none be cast away.

5 I'll sing free grace, though devils rage
And men of earth unite,
And all the powers of hell engage
To vent their cruel spite.

6 Of reprobation let them boast,
And charge their God in vain,

With making souls decreed to roast
In hell's eternal pain.

7 My soul, forbear to hear the sound,
Nor hearken to their word;
The truth of God they would confound,
They falsely charge the Lord.

8 Their fatal chains, of which they tell,
To bind the creature's will,
Are but delusions sent from hell—
I'll sing of free grace still.

9 Come join the song, ye sons of men,
Ye purchase of Christ's blood;
For you the Saviour suffer'd pain,
That you might dwell with God.

10 No reprobates among you all,
If you'll in Christ believe;
Through him recover'd from the fall,
Free grace you may receive.

11. P. M.

HARK! hear that solemn groan,
The blest Redeemer dies!
The heavens they do mourn,
And darkness veils the skies!
The graves disclos'd their sleeping dead
When Jesus bow'd his sacred head,

2 The trembling earth did speak
Its great astonishment;

The rocks in sunder break,
The solid marbles rent;
The temple's veil did burst in twain,
When Jesus died for sinful men.

3 O what amazing love
Did Christ our Lord bestow,
To leave the realms above,
And thus to suffer wo,
That rebel man might be forgiven,
Escape from hell, and reign in heaven.

4 My soul doth make a pause;
Was it for me he died?
And can I hate his laws,
And his dear name deride?
No! sooner let me faint and die,
Than Christ my blessed Lord deny.

12. L. M.

COME, sinners, leave your carnal songs,
Which can no real joy afford,
And join with us to tune our tongues
In loud hosannas to the Lord.

2 This is a theme which angels love,
It much delights the saints below;
We join the song of those above;
Come, sinners, sing hosannas too.

Could you but see the Son of God,
Who once on Calvary was slain,
Vho shed for you his precious blood,
To wash your souls from every stain.

Your hearts, as ours, would then rejoice,
You'd gladly leave all earthly toys;
n prayer and praise lift up your voice,
And antedate eternal joys.

All glory to the eternal name,
He wills that you should turn and live;
Vith joy his love you shall proclaim,
If you will but in him believe.

Come seek him now in wisdom's ways,
Come bow beneath your Saviour's cross;
Those paths are strew'd with sacred peace,
Nor can a soul herein be lost.

Though hell with all its powers assail,
And earth with all its force unite;
Yet earth and hell shall ne'er prevail
Against the soul that walks upright.

We know that God is on our side,
And hath for us great victories won;
And will, if we in him confide,
Complete the victory through his Son.

13. S. M.

HOW can I vent my grief?
My Comforter has fled!

By day I sigh without relief,
And groan upon my bed.

2 I once enjoy'd my Lord;
Liv'd happy in his love;
Delighted in his holy word,
And sought my rest above.

3 This world I did despise,
With all its gaudy show;
Through faith in Christ, turn'd off my eye
From vanities below.

4 I then could praise the Lord,
For his redeeming love;
I knew his grace did peace afford,
For I that peace did prove.

5 But O, alas! my soul,
Where is thy comfort now?
Why did I let my love grow cold?
Oh! why to idols bow?

6 How little did I think,
When first I did begin,
To join a little with the world,
It was so great a sin.

7 I thought I might conform,
Nor singular appear;
Converse and dress as others did—
But now I feel the snare.

3 My confidence is gone—
I find no words to say;
Barren and lifeless is my soul,
When I attempt to pray.

9 I feel ashamed to bow,
When with the saints I meet;
While on their knees my brethren cry,
I stand or keep my seat.

10 My soul, this will not do,
Thy day is almost past;
I must repent and turn to God,
Or sink to hell at last.

11 Trembling, to Christ I'll fly,
And all my sins confess:
At Jesus' cross I'll humbly fall,
And ask restoring grace.

12 I'll mortify my pride,
Myself I will deny;
And if I perish, Lord, at last,
Beneath thy cross I'll die.

14. P. M.

MY soul doth in Jesus rejoice,
My heart is o'erwhelm'd with his love;
With pleasure I hear his sweet voice,
Which calls my affections above.

2 Farewell to all pleasures below,
Which nature and sense do afford ;
Their honours I'll freely forego,
They're nothing compar'd with my Lord!

3 All fulness in Jesus doth dwell,
All fulness of peace and of joy ;
His mercy redeem'd me from hell,
His blood all my sins shall destroy.

4 From idols and filthiness clean,
Perfected in love I shall be ;
Then rise in his presence to reign,
His glorious perfections to see.

5 Yea, Lord, thy kind word I believe,
My soul on thy promise I stay ;
Thy spirit the witness doth give,
That like my dear Lord I shall be.

6 Kind Jesus, impatient I wait ;
Now, Lord, the full blessing impart ;
In holiness make me complete,
Then take me to dwell where thou art

15. C. M.

SINNER, how oft hath God reprov'd
And fill'd thee with distress !
Yet still thou perseverest in
The path of wickedness

2 Sudden destruction soon will come,
On those who thus rebel;
Eternal vengeance will consign
Their guilty souls to hell.

3 O tremble at the awful thought,
And yield to sov'reign grace,
Lest God should say, I'll strive no more,
And frown thee from his face.

16. C. M.

THE glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Sion's light shall come;
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the morning sun.
The north and south their sons resign,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
Adorn'd as a bride, Jerusalem
All glorious shall descend.

2 The King that bears the golden crown,
The azure flaming bow;
The holy city shall bring down
To bless his saints below,
When Zion's bleeding, conqu'ring King,
Shall sin and death destroy;
The morning stars together sing,
And Sion shout for joy.

3 The holy bright musician band
Shall tune their harps of gold,

With palms of vict'ry they shall stand,
Fair Salem to behold!
Descending with such melting strains,
Jehovah's name adore:
Such notes thro' earth's extensive plains
Were never heard before!

4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Ye fields of darkness fly,
Though saints are feeble, weak, and poor,
Their great Redeemer's nigh,
He is their shield—their hiding place,
A covert from the wind—
A shady rock of boundless grace,
Throughout this weary land.

5 The crystal streams run down from heav'n,
They issue from the throne;
The floods of strife away are driv'n,
The church becomes but one.
That peaceful union she shall know,
And live upon his love;
And shout and sing of grace below,
As angels do above!

17. P. M.

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptur'd vision,
All the extatick joys that spring

Round the bright elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies;
Sons of righteousness arise,
Ope the gates of paradise.

CHORUS.

O how good it is for us to be blest,
And dwell where loving Jesus is.

2 Floods of everlasting light,
Fleetly flash before him;
Myriads with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Angelick trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim,
All the music of his name;
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise,
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! Holy! Holy! One.

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies,
Seem methink to seize us;
Join we to the holy lays—

Jesus—Jesus—Jesus !
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest notes on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus—Jesus flow along.

18 P. M.

THE voice of Free Grace,
Cries escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race
Christ has open'd a fountain ;
For sin and transgression,
And every pollution,
His blood flows most freely
In streams of ablution.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who has purchas'd our pardon,
We will praise him again,
When we pass over Jordon.

2 That fountain so clear,
In which all may find pardon,
From Jesus' side,
Flows plenteous redemption ;
Though your sins were increased
As high as a mountain,
His blood it flows freely ;
O come to his fountain. *Hallelujah, &c.*

3 Blest Jesus, ride on—
Thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell,
Thou will make us victorious;
Thy name shall be prais'd
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation. *Hallelujah, &c.*

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gained the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands
We will praise him evermore:
We'll range the blest fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujahs
For ever and ever. *Hallelujah, &c.*

19. P. M.

YE jewels of my Master,
Who shine with heavenly rays,
Amid the beams of glory,
Reflect immortal blaze;
Ye diamonds of beauty,
With pleasing lustre crown'd,
Of heavenly extraction,
To Zion's city bound.

2 Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
The purchase of his blood,

Who feed among the lilies,
Beside the purple flood;
Go on, ye happy pilgrims,
Your journey still pursue,
And at a humble distance
I'll sing and follow too.

3 When I beheld your order
And harmony of soul,
And heard divinest numbers
In pure devotion roll;
And gems immortal glowing
With such enlivening grace,
I view'd the Savour's image
Imprest on every face.

4 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And often be your voices
In pure devotion join'd;
Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies;
Take courage, brother pilgrims,
And soon you'll win the prize.

5 He shall be mine, says Jesus,
In that auspicious day,
When I make up my jewels,
Releas'd from cumbrous clay;
He'll polish and refine you

From worthless dross and sin,
And to his heavenly kingdom
Will bid you enter in.

6 On that important morning
When bursting thunders sound,
And nimble lightnings waving,
Shall wing the gloom profound;
Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And clap your joyful hands;
Lo! you're redeem'd for ever,
From death's corrupted bands.

7 As Aaron with his girdle,
In shining jewels drest,
Bore all the tribes of Israel
Inscrib'd upon his breast;
So will the priest of Zion,
Before the father's throne,
Present the heirs of glory,
And God their kindred own.

8 The golden bells will echo
Around the sacred hill;
And sweet immortal anthems
The vocal regions fill;
In everlasting beauty,
The shining millions stand,
Safe on the Rock of Ages,
Amid the promis'd land.

9 We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving raptures,
Be lost in love profound;
While all the flaming harpers
Begin the lasting song,
With hallelujahs rolling
From the unnumber'd throng,

20 P. M.

FROM the regions of love, lo! an angel descended,
And told the strange news, how the babe was attended,
Go shepherds and visit this wonderful stranger,
See yonder bight star—there's your Lord in a manger!

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb who has purchased our pardon,
We will praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Glad tidings I bring unto you and each Nation,
Glad tidings of joy—now behold your [salvation;
Then suddenly multitudes raise their glad voices,

And shout the Redeemer while heaven rejoices. *Hallelujah*, &c.

3 Now glory to God in the highest is given
Now glory to God is re-echo'd through heaven, [story,
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory. *Hallelujah*, &c.

4 Enraptur'd I burn with delight and de sire,
Such love, so divine, sets my soul all on fire;
Around the bright throne hosannas are ringing;
O when shall I join them and ever be singing— *Hallelujah*, &c.

5 Triumphantly ride in thy chariot victorious,
And conquer with love, O Jesus all-glorious;
Thy banners unfurl, let the nations surrender,
And own thee their Saviour, their God, and defender. *Hallelujah*, &c.

21. P. M.

LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarrings cease

Come, O come, and reign for ever,
God of Love, and Prince of Peace.
Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
Hear thy people mourn and weep,
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Some for Paul. some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—none agree;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
Help us Lord to follow thee.
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Over every hind'rance leap;
Undismay'd by force or numbers—
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth,
On the Gospel word we'll venture,
'Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour,
O good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us;
Persecution rages here;
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our Shepherd is so near.
Glory, glory be to Jesus,

At his name our hearts doth leap;
He both comforts us and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep,

5 Here's the Prince of your salvation,
Saying, Fear not, little flock;
I myself am your foundation,
You are built upon this rock;
Shun the path of vice and folly,
Scale the mount, although it's steep;
Look to me, and be ye holy,
I delight to feed my sheep.

6 Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
Taught by him, we'll own his name,
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
How it doth our souls inflame.
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Give him glory, he will keep,
He will clear your way before you,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

22. C. M.

O FOR a breeze of heavenly love
To waft my soul away
To the celestial world above,
Where pleasures ne'er decay.

2 Eternal Spirit, deign to be
My pilot here below,

To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
Where stormy winds do blow.

3 From rocks of pride on either hand,
From quicksands of despair;
O guide me home to Canaan's land,
Through every latent snare.

4 Anchor me in that port above,
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move,
Where tempests never roar.

23. P. M.

ALMIGHTY love inspire
My soul with sacred fire,
And animate desire,
My soul to renew;
I love my blessed Jesus,
On whom each angel gazes,
And symphony increases,
Above the ethereal blue.

CHORUS.

And O give him glory,
And O give him glory,
And O give him glory,
For glory is his own.

Yes, you may give him glory,
And I will give him glory,

We'll shout and give him glory,
When we arrive at home.

2 My tender-hearted Jesus,
Thy love my heart amazes,
Thou diedst for to save us,
When lost and undone.
No seraph could redeem us,
No angel could retrieve us,
No arm could relieve us,
But Jesus alone. *And O give, &c.*

3 In him I have believed,
He has my soul retrieved,
From sin he has redeemed
My soul which was dead;
And now I love my Saviour,
For I am in his favour,
And hope with him for ever,
The golden streets to tread. *And O, &c.*

4 Yet here a while I stay,
In hopes of that glad day
When I am call'd away,
To the mansions above;
There to enjoy the treasure,
Of unconsuming pleasure,
And shout in highest measure,
Hallelujah of love, *And O give, &c.*

In hopes of seeing Jesus,
When all my conflicts ceases,

To him my love increases,
To worship and adore.
Come, then my blessed Saviour,
Vouchsafe to me thy favour,
To dwell with thee for ever,
When time shall be no more.
And O give, &c.

6 Then in the blooming garden
Of Eden, gain'd by pardon,
Upon the banks of Jordan,
We'll worship the Lamb.
We'll sing the song of Moses,
While Jesus sweet composes,
A song that never closes,
Of praises to his name. *And O &c*

7 See, yonder, is the glory,
It lies just before me,
And there we'll tell the story
Of all-redeeming love:
And there we shall for ever
Drink of the flowing river,
And ever, and ever,
Surround the throne of love.
O there we'll give thee glory,
O there we'll give thee glory,
O there we'll give thee glory,
And sing the song of love,
And you may give him glory, &c.

24. L. M.

OH! give me Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins which have thy body torn,
Give me with broken heart to see,
Thy last tremendous agony.

2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon that wondrous sight;
O that with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Saviour die.

3 I'd hang around his feet and cry,
Lord! save a soul condemn'd to die,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 Father of mercy! drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son;
And with my broken heart comply,
O give me Jesus or I die.

5 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
If thou wouldst ease me of my guilt;
Good Lord, in mercy hear my cry,
And give me Jesus, or I die.

6 O save my soul from gaping hell,
Or else with devils I must dwell;
O might I enter, now I'm come,
Lord Jesus, save me, or I'm gone.

25. P. M.

1 AS near to Calvary I pass,
Methinks I see a bloody cross,

Where a poor victim hangs;
His flesh with ragged irons tore,
His limbs all dress'd in purple gore,
Gaping in dying pangs.

2 Surpris'd the spectacle to see,
I ask'd who can this victim be,
In such exquisite pain?
Why thus consigned to woes, I cried?
'Tis I—the bleeding God replied—
To save a world from sin.

3 A God for rebel mortal dies!
How can it be my soul replies,
What! Jesus die for me?
Yes, saith the suff'ring Son of God,
I give my life, I spill my blood,
For thee, poor soul, for thee.

4 Lord, since thy life thou'st freely giv'n
To bring my wretched soul to heav'n,
And bless me with thy love,
Then at thy feet, O God, I'll fall,
Give thee my life, my soul, my all,
To reign with thee above.

26. P. M.

GLORY to Jesus—for his love,
Flowing to every nation,
Bowels of sweet compassion move,
Offering free salvation.

Here may the poor, the lame, the blind,
Every needed blessing find;
Justice and mercy here combine,
Offering free salvation.

2 Sinners, repair to Jesus' arms,
Why will you slight his favour?
Now he invites you to his charms,
Willing to be your Saviour.
O that you would on him believe—
All your transgressions he'll forgive;
Comfort and peace shall you receive,
Flowing from Christ your Saviour.

3 Now is the time, no more delay,
Fly from the path of nature;
Fear not what scoffing sinners say,
Yield to your great Creator.
The Lamb can give (he that was slain)
Freedom from all your guilt and pain:
So shall you soon in glory reign,
Praising your great Creator.

4 Then shall the heavenly arches ring
Glory to God for ever:
Angels and saints shall join to sing
Praises to Christ our Saviour.
Then shall the theme of perfect love,
Sounding through all the courts above,
Every tuneful passion move,
To praise the Lord our Saviour.

27. P. M.

NEW JERUSALEM.

WITH pleasure behold
The city of gold,
How beautiful, lovely and bright;
Coming down from above,
In its beauty and love,
Adorned with glory and light;
Prepar'd as a bride,
For Immanuel's side:
Let angels rejoice at the sight;
Jerusalem new
Its glory doth shew,
The wisdom of God and his might.

2 Its walls great and high,
Behold it with joy,
Think of it, ye saints with delight;
Behold its foundation
With great admiration,
With precious stones garnished bright;
It lieth four square,
A golden reed there,
With angels to measure it right;
Consider with pleasure,
Its equal in measure,
Its length, breadth, and height are alike.

3 Twelve angels there waits,
At twelve holy gates,

The righteous rejoice when they enter;
For they will behold
A city of gold,
The tree of life plac'd in the centre:
There proceeds from the throne
Of the king whom they own,
A river, of water of life;
As crystal it's clear,
As wine it doth cheer
The heart of the bride, the Lamb's wife.

4 There those who do well,
With Jesus shall dwell,
For ever and ever in peace;
They need not the moon,
Nor the bright shining sun,
In so glorious and holy a place,
God's glory will shine,
And give light divine,
Therefore it will never be night:
What raptures are there
All heaven will share—
t's perfectly filled with light.

The saints shall there reign,
With the lamb that was slain,
The face of their King they will see;
There standing before him,
To love and adore him,
His name in their foreheads will be.

Great joy will be there,
The righteous will share,
While angels their voices are raising :
How pleasant their singing,
Melodiously ringing,
While saints are in harmony praising.

6 How pleasant their singing,
Melodiously ringing,
All praising with cheerfulest voices ;
What melodious sounds
Are echoing round,
While all in that city rejoices.
How rich and how great
How good and complete,
That city which God will prepare ;
How pure and how holy,
And full of bright glory,
How beautiful, lovely, and fair !

28. P. M.

JESUS, to every willing mind,
Opens a heavenly treasure ;
In him the sons of sorrow find
Sources of real pleasure ;
See what employments men pursue ;
Then you will own my words are true ;
Jesus alone unfolds to view
Sources of real pleasure.

2 Poor are the joys that fools esteem,
Fading and transitory;
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
Or a delusive story;
Luxury leaves a sting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind;
Only in Jesus can we find
Pleasures and solid glory,

3 Learning, that boasted, glittering thing,
Scarcely is worth possessing;
Riches, for ever on the wing,
Scarce can be call'd a blessing;
Fame like a shadow flies away,
Titles and dignities decay,
Nought but religion can display
Joys that are freed from trouble.

4 Beauty, with all its gaudy show,
Is but a painted bubble:
Short are the triumphs wit bestow,
Full of deceit and trouble;
Sensual pleasures swell desire,
Just as the fuel feeds the fire;
Religion can real bliss inspire,
Bliss that is worth possessing.

29. P. M.

THE Lord into his garden come,
The spices yield a rich perfume,

The lilies grow and thrive :
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flows to every vine,
And makes the dead revive.

2 O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become ;
The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is coming on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is ;
I taste and see the pardon free
For all mankind as well as me ;
Who come to Christ may live.

4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour merciful and kind,
Who will them all receive :
None are too vile who will repent,
Out of one sinner legions went,
The Lord did him relieve.

5 Come, brethren dear, who know the Lord
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on ;
Our trials and our troubles here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6 'We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesus' throne on high:
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry,

7 But when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead his armies through
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.

8 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout and sing
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

9 Amen, Amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there:
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

30. P. M.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;

He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay,

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face:
Thus into my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.

6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

7 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

31. P. M.

AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found
I knew not what to do;
O'erwhelm'd with guilt, with anguish slai
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless wo.

2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell,
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near:
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain,
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.

3 Then to the law I trembling fled—
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth, I found remain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelm'd my troubled mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldly load:
Alas! I read and found it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,

And broke the fowler's snare;
But when I found the truth remain,
The sinner must be born again
I sunk in deep despair.

6 While thus my soul in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way—
I felt his pity move:
The sinner by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tun'd their harps anew,
And loftier sounds did raise;
All hail the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumber'd millions born again,
Shall shout thy endless praise.

32. P. M.

THE HEAVENLY MARINER.

THROUGH tribulations deep
The way to glory is:
The stormy course I keep,
On these tempestuous seas:
By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driv'n,
Freighted with grace and bound to heav'n,

2 Sometimes temptatious blow
A dreadful hurricane,
And high the waters flow,

And o'er my sides break in ;
But still my little ship outbraves
The blust'ring winds and surging waves.

3 When I, in my distress,
My anchor HOPE, can cast,
Within the promises
It holds my vessel fast.
Safely she then at anchor rides,
'Midst stormy winds and swelling tides.

4 If a dead calm ensues,
And heaven no breezes give,
The oar of prayer I use,
I tug, and toil, and strive :
Through storms and calms, for many a day
I make but very little way.

5 But when a heavy breeze
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
Before the pleasant gale ;
And runs as much an hour, or more,
As in a month or or two before.

6 Hid by the clouds from sight,
The sun doth not appear,
Nor can I in the night,
Behold the moon or star :
Sometimes for days and weeks, or mor
I cannot see the sky or shore.

8 As at the time of noon,
My quadrant, Faith, I take,
To view my Christ, my sun,
If he the clouds should break:
I'm happy when his face I see,
I know then whereabouts I be.

8 The Bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know—
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show:
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points for ever true.

9 I keep aloof from pride,
These rocks I pass with care:
I studiously avoid
The whirlpool of despair;
Presumption's quicksands too I shun,
Near them I do not choose to run.

10 When through a strait I go,
Or near some coast am drove,
The plummet forth I throw,
And thus my safety prove;
My conscience is the line which I
Fathom the depth of water by.

11 My vessel would be lost,
In spite of all my care,
But that the Holy Ghost

Himself vouchsafes to steer ;
And I through all my voyages will
Depend upon my steersman's skill.

12 Ere I can reach heaven's coast,
I must a gulf pass through,
Which fatal proves to most—
For all this passage go ;
But all death's wave can't me o'erwhelm,
If God himself is at the helm.

13 When through this gulf I get,
(Though rough it is but short,)
The pilot angels meet,
And bring me into port ;
And when I land on that blest shore,
I shall be safe for evermore.

33. C. M.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

NOW, pilgrims, let us go in peace.
While through this world we rove :
Till all these parting moments cease,
And we shall meet above,

Though trials here our souls annoy,
And foes beset the road,
We're hastening to eternal joy,
Where we shall rest with God.

Let us rejoice in God our King,
While pilgrims here we rove,

And join with hearts and voice to sing
The wonders of his love.

4 Soon we shall reach the heavenly land
And tread the peaceful shore,
And there unite the glorious band,
Our Jesus to adore.

5 O the transporting scenes of bliss
Our souls shall then enjoy!
For if we be where Jesus is,
There's nothing can annoy.

34. P. M.

THE CHRISTIAN'S TRANSPORT.

O WHAT amazing love is this!
On earth I taste immortal bliss!
I feel that voice which is divine,
And know that Jesus Christ is mine.

2 He leads me on the heav'nly road,
And feeds my soul with angels' food;
My soul, how free his goodness flows!
His bleeding love no limit knows.

3 My soul hath found my Christ to-day
I feel my darkness done away;
His presence made my bars remove,
And O, I feast on heav'nly love!

4 I feel my sins are all forgiv'n.
This is my Christ, my all, my heav'n!

My soul begins her lasting theme,
'All glory to my God, the Lamb!'

35 C. M.

LORD! what a wretched land is this
That yields us no supply;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees
Nor streams of living joy.

2 But prickling thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dangerous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path of thine abode
Lies through this horrid land;
Lord, we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

4 Our souls shall tread the desert through
With undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.

5 A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
But Judah's lion guards the way,
And guides the stranger home.

6 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray,
But the bright world to which we go

Is everlasting day.

7 By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the sacred road;
Thro' dismal deeps and dang'rous snares
We make our way to God.

8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

9 See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus the forerunner waits
To welcome trav'lers home.

10 There on a green and flow'ry mount
Our weary souls shall sit;
And with transporting joys recount
The labors of our feet.

11 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall be our song,
And God rejoice to hear.

12 Eternal glories to the King
That brought us safely through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

36. P. M.

FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,
I have no home to stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view;
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends, farewell.

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals, care or bliss,
I leave you here and travel on
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
Farewell, &c.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love:
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.
Farewell, &c.

4 Farewell old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be giv'n,
Farewell, &c.

5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you;
Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.

Fight on, fight on, fight on,
The crown shall soon be giv'n.

6 Farewell, poor careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here;
Eternal vengeance waits for you;
O turn and find salvation near.
O turn, O turn, O turn,
And find salvation near.

37. C. M.

'TIS good to wait upon the Lord,
When Christ himself draws near,
And ev'ry heart, with one accord,
Ascends in solemn prayer.

2 While thus we feel the Saviour's love,
In heavn'ly shower's descend,
Our souls commune with saints above,
In bliss that knows no end.

3 We taste the precious streams of grace—
The fountain makes them sing;
We travel through the wilderness—
They sit before the King.

4 We pray for grace to hold out well,
The conflict but begun;
They of their past engagements tell,
And sing the conquests won.

5 We fight the battles of the Lord,
And are sometimes cast down;

They wield no more the warriour's sword,
But wear the conqueror's crown,

38. P. M.

SEE th' eternal Judge descending,
Seated on his Father's throne;
Now, poor sinner, Christ will show thee
That he's with the Father one;
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the sinner now lamenting
At the sight of fiercer pain;
Cries and tears he now is venting,
But he weeps and cries in vain;
Greatly mourning,
That he ne'er was born again.

3 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
O! that I had sought his favour,
When I felt his spirit move!
Doom'd I'm justly,
For I have against him strove.

4 All his wooing I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul;
If my vows to him I plighted,
Yet for sin I broke them all;
Golden moments,
How neglected did they roll!

5 There I see my godly neighbors,
Who were once despis'd by me;
Now they're clad in dazzling splendour,
Waiting my sad fate to see:
Farewell, neighbors—
Dismal gulf, I'm bound for thee.

6 Hail! ye ghosts that dwell in darkness,
Groaning, rattling of your chains;
Christ has now denounc'd my sentence,
I'm to dwell in endless pains;
Down I'm rolling,
Never to return again.

7 Now experience plainly shows me,
Hell is not a fabled thing;
Now I see my friends in glory,
Round the throne they ever sing;
I'm tormented
With an everlasting sting.

39. P. M.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountains
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
  My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
  And tells me not to fear ;
And if I hold out faithful,
  A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
  Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determin'd
  To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus
  On wings of love I'll fly ;
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
  I bid it all adieu,
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
  And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
  And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
  And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavn'nly armour,
  Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your race is ended
  You'll reign with him above.

5 O do not be discourag'd,
  For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
  He'll not refuse to lend ;

Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

40. C. M

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 But should the Lord reject my plea,
And disregard my prayer;
Yet still, like Esther, I will stay,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolv'd to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

6 But should I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried;

I there should die (delightful thought!)
Where ne'er a sinner died.

41. P. M.

DROOPING souls, no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious;
If on Christ you can believe,
You shall find him precious.
Jesus he is passing by,
Calling sinners to him;
He has died for you and I—
Now look up and view him.

2 View his hands, his feet, his side,
There runs the healing potion;
See the consolating tide,
Boundless as the ocean;
See the living current move,
For the sick and dying—
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or perish, for mercy crying.

3 Christ's store of grace is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Jesus calls, Come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden,
Though your sins, like mountains high,
Rise and reach to heaven—
Soon as you on me rely,
All shall be forgiven,

4 Now, methinks I hear one say,
I will go and prove him,
If he takes my guilt away,
Surely I shall love him.
Yes, I see the Father smile,
Smiling moves my burden,
Through his grace, though I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.

5 Streaming mercy how it flows!
Now I know I feel it!
Half has never yet been told,
Still I want to tell it.
Jesus's blood has heal'd my wounds;
O the wondrous story!
I was lost, but now I'm found—
Glory! glory! glory!

6 Glory to my Saviour's name!
Saints, I know you love him;
Sinners, you may do the same,
Only come and prove him:
Hasten to a Saviour's blood,
Tell it and declare it—
O that I could sing so loud
All the world could hear it.

7 If no greater joys were known,
In the upper region,
I would try to travel on
By this pure religion—

Heaven now and heaven then,
Glory here and yonder,
Brightest seraphs shout aloud,
Whilst the angels wonder.

42. L. M.

A PARTING HYMN.

MY dearest friends in bands of love,
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like a drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand:
Your company's sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightsome to my ear;
But when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords about my heart.

2 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
Where we have met to sing and pray!
How loth we've been to leave the place
Where Jesus show'd his smiling face!
O, could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my sinking mind!
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

3 But since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say our Father's will be done,

Dear fellow-youth, in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies.
Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting hands will be no more!

4 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
Your hearts with love did seem to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
Ye mourning souls in sore surprise,
Jesus remembers all your cries.
O! trust his grace, and in that land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

5 My Christian friends, both old & young
I hope in Christ you'll all be strong;
And if on earth we meet no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore.
I hope you'll all remember me,
If here no more my face you see;
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

6 O glorious day! O blessed hope;
My heart leaps forward at the thought,
When in that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand;
But with our Saviour, holy Lord,
We'll shout and sing with one accord;
And there we'll all with Jesus dwell,
So, loving brethren all, farewell!

43. P. M.

COME, precious souls that love the Lord,
And listen to a brother—
Believe it is a true record,
Nor could I half discover
What God has done for my poor soul,
It's quite beyond expressing;
Although my sins were great and small,
They could not stop the blessing.

2 For several years I did withstand
The God of might and power,
Who held me by his gracious hand,
Preserv'd me every hour—
Kept me from dropping into hell—
My God, how shall I praise thee?
Or how shall I thy goodness tell,
Or praise the Lord that made me.

3 From time to time the Lord convinc'd,
From time to time I griev'd him,
He show'd the dreadful end of sin,
And yet I disbeliev'd him;
Sometimes I pray'd—and sinn'd again,
And then I thought of mending—
But sin would draw me back again
While God his help was lending.

4 One day his spirit came again,
I heard him at my leisure,
Saying, "You wretch! forsake your sins,

And quit your worldly pleasure,
For that or me you must let go,
And I've a mind to leave you,
But if you want my love to know,
Come freely now receive me!"

5 O then I thought I must submit,
Or I should lose my Saviour;
But self and Satan cried, Not yet,
You'll lose your companions' favor.
Then I betook myself in part,
Forsook my grossest sinning,
I thought I gave God all my heart—
And this was my beginning.

6 Then I, the boasting Pharisee,
Could say, O Lord, I thank thee
I am not as I us'd to be,
I have righteousness a plenty;
But trusting to an arm of flesh,
I sinn'd as high as may be,
My former sins came on afresh,
I cried, Lord Jesus, save me!

7 My sins in number like the stars,
With force they did beset me,
O then I thought I'd gone so far
That Jesus Christ had left me;
For hell seem'd moving from beneath
To meet this fine beginner;
I cried and smote my aching breast—
Lord Jesus, save the sinner!

3 When Jesus saw the rebel fall,
He show'd his great compassion;
His blood before the throne did call,
Saying, I'm thy salvation.
O! come, and help me praise my God,
Who's promis'd not to leave us,
But still has mercy for the poor—
Then glory to King Jesus!

44. P. M.

YE virgin souls arise,
With all the dead awake!
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take;
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold the heav'nly bridegroom nigh,

2 He comes, he comes to call
The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all
Who fit for glory are;
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend;
Your head to glorify;
With all his saints ascend;
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see without a veil his face.

4 Ye that have here receiv'd
The unction from above,
And in his spirit liv'd,
Obedient to his love:
Jesus shall claim you for his bride:
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above yon angel powers
In glorious joy to live:
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

6 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound,
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found;
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found—as, Lord, thou find'st us now.

45. S. M.

TO keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still deriv'd from him.

3 Beware of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
'I never *will* deny thee, Lord,'
But grant I never may.

4 Man's wisdom is to seek,
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

5 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

6 In Jesus is our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says 'I want no more,'
Confesses he has none.

46. P. M

JESUS came into the world,
And suffer'd to redeem us;
Then ascended up on high,
And sent his grace to save us!

CHORUS.

Ho! every one that thirsts,
Come ye to the waters,
Freely drink and quench your thirst,
With Zion's sons and daughters.

2 Come all ye mourning weeping souls,
Who long to be forgiven!
We bring glad tidings unto you,
From the high court of heaven.
Ho! every one, &c.

3 There is a fountain open wide,
For sin and all uncleanness,
Streaming from the Saviour's side,
It flows in Gospel fulness.
Ho! every one, &c.

4 Oh! seek the circumcising grace,
Be wise—do not refuse it;
For if you seek your life to save,
You will be sure to lose it.
Ho! every one, &c.

5 The cross of Christ you'll have to bear,
Fearless of persecution;
Or groan you must when time shall cease,
In darkness and confusion.
Ho! every one, &c.

6 Shall unbelief debar you from
The knowledge of your Saviour?
Believe, and you'll be justified!
Believe, and live for ever.
Ho! every one, &c.

7 My night of sin and grief is gone,
My soul, is fill'd with glory—

Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing
Love's animating story.
Ho! every one, &c.

8 Let heaven and earth with me unite,
To sing and shout hosanna!
The Lord has pardon'd all my sins,
And fill'd my soul with manna.
Ho! every one, &c

9 See the crowd that's gone before,
In paths of self-denial:
They stand on Canaan's happy shore,
And wait for your arrival.
Ho! every one, &c.

10 Come on, ye followers of the Lamb,
Be ready for to meet them;
Now let us join and persevere,
Till we arrive in heaven.
Ho! every one, &c.

11 There we'll all together stand,
And praise our God and Father:
And sing and shout on Canaan's land,
For ever and for ever.
Ho! every one, &c.

47. P. M.

COME, my brethren, let us try
For a little season,
Ev'ry burden to lay by;
Come, and let us reason.

2 What is this that casts you down?
What is this that grieves you?
Speak, and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve you.

3 Christ at times by faith I view,
And it doth relieve me,
But my doubts return anew,
They are those that grieve me.

4 Troubled like the restless sea,
Feeble, faint and fearful,
Plagued with every sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?

5 Think on what your Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood at every pore,
To procure thy pardon.

6 View him nailed to the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying;
See, he suffer'd this for thee,
Therefore be believing.

7 Joseph took his body down,
Shrouded it in linen,
Laid it in the silent tomb,
And returned mourning.

8 Jesus rises from the tomb,
Angels fly from glory,
See what glory shines around,
Hallelujah, glory.

9 Brethren, don't you feel the flame?
Sisters, don't you love him?
Let us join to praise his name,
Let us never grieve him.

10 Soon we'll meet to part no more,
Soon we'll meet in heaven,
There we'll join the saints above,
And for ever praise him.

43. S. M.

YE fearful saints, march on,
It is the Lord's command;
Never let trifles stop your way,
To Canaan's promis'd land.

2 Though numerous foes arise,
And hell your course withstand,
Still force your passage through them all,
To Canaan's promis'd land.

3 Keep on a forward pace,
And never, never stand,
Till you behold your Saviour's face,
In Canaan's promis'd land.

4 Cast not a wishful eye
Towards your native strand,
Like Lot's frail wife, but onward press,
To Canaan's promis'd land.

5 Mind not th' alluring wiles,
Prepar'd by Satan's band,

To draw you from the narrow path,
Which leads to Canaan's land.

6 The Scripture is your rule,
By it you fall or stand;
Walk in the way which it points out,
To Canaan's promis'd land.

7 Then shall ye join above,
With all the ransom'd band,
To celebrate redeeming love,
In Canaan's promis'd land.

49. P. M.

WHEN I set out for glory,
I left the world behind,
Determin'd for a city,
That's out of sight to find.

CHORUS.

And to glory I will go—
And to glory I will go—I'll go, I'll go,
And to glory I will go.

2 I left my worldly honour,
I left my worldly fame,
I left my young companions,
And with them my good name.
And to glory I will go, &c.

3 Some said I'd better tarry—
They thought I was too young

For to prepare for dying:
But that was all my theme.
And to glory I will go, &c.

4 Come all my loving brethren,
And listen to my cry;
All you that are backsliders
Must shortly beg or die.
And to begging I will go—
And to begging I will go—will go, will go,
And to begging I will go.

5 The Lord he loves the beggar,
Who truly begs indeed;
He always will relieve him
Whene'er he stands in need.
And to begging I will go, &c.

6 I do not beg for money,
Nor to be dressed fine:
The garment that he'll give to me,
The sun it will outshine.
And to begging I will go, &c.

7 I'm not asham'd to beg
While here on earth I stay;
I'm not asham'd to watch,
And I'm not asham'd to pray.
And to begging we will go, &c.

8 The richest man I ever saw
Was one that begg'd the most;
His soul was fill'd with Jesus,

And with the Holy Ghost.
And to begging we will go, &c.

9 And now we are encouraged,
Come let us travel on,
Until we join the angels,
And sing the holy song.
And to glory I will go, &c.

50. C. M.

SWEET rivers of redeeming love
Lie just before mine eye;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly;
I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind;
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

2 While I'm imprison'd here below,
In anguish, pain, and smart,
Oft times those troubles I forego,
When love surrounds my heart;
In darkest shadows of the night
Faith mounts the upper sky;
I then behold my heart's delight,
And would rejoice to die!

3 I view the monster, Death, and smile,
Now he has lost his sting:
Though Satan rages all the while,

I still in triumph sing;
I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go;
I'm so delighted with his charms.
No other good I'll know.

4 a few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er,
I hope to join the heavenly host,
On Canaan's happy shore:
My rapt'rous soul shall drink and feast,
In love's unbounded sea;
The glorious hope of endless rest
Is transporting to me.

5 O come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me through the sky,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay,
Make haste, and bring it nigh:
I long to see thy glorious face,
And in thine image shine—
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be for ever thine.

6 Then I will tune my harp of gold,
To my everlasting king;
Through ages that can ne'er be told,
I'll make his praises ring:
All hail! thou great eternal God!
Who died on Calvary!
And sav'd me, with thy precious blood,
From endless misery.

7 Ten thousand, thousand join in one,
To praise the Eternal Three;
Prostrate before the blazing throne,
In deep humility:
They rise and tune their harps of gold,
And string the immortal lyre;
And ages that can ne'er be told,
Shall raise their praises higher.

51. C. M.

THE EVERLASTING SONG.

EARTH has engross'd my love too long;
'Tis time I lift mine eyes,
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits;
That Sun, how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs,
Jesus, my love, they sing:
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

5 [Hark! how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And echo in majestic sounds
The Godhead in the Son.

6 And now they sing the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play;
And bring the Father's equal down
To dwell in humble clay.

7 O sacred beauties of the Man!
(The God resides within;)
His flesh all pure without a stain;
His soul without a sin.

8 But when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide:
Suspended songs, a moment mourn,
The Lord that lov'd and died.

9 Then all at once to living strains
They summon every chord;
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising Lord.]

10 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too:
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

11 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passion to the skies!

12 There ye that love my Saviour sit,
  There I would fain have place;
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
  So I might see his face.

52. C. M.

MY soul, this curious house of clay,
  This present frail abode,
Must quickly fall to worms a prey,
  And thou return to God.

2 Canst thou, by faith, survey with joy
  The change before it come;
And say, Let death this house destroy,
  I have a heav'nly home?

3 The Saviour whom I then shall see
  With new admiring eyes,
Already has prepar'd for me
  A mansion in the skies.

4 I feel this mud-wall'd cottage shake,
  And long to see it fall;
That I my willing flight may take
  To Him who is my all.

5 Burden'd and groaning, then no more
  My rescued soul shall sing,
As up the shining path I soar,
  'Death, thou hast lost thy sting.'

6 Dear Saviour, help us now to seek
And know thy grace's power,
That we may all this language speak,
Before the dying hour.

53. P. M.

THE YOUNG CONVERT.

WHEN souls are first converted
They mount on wings above
The world thinks they're distracted,
Because they're fill'd with love.
They fly from every evil,
They trust in God alone,
They long to get to heaven,
Their most desired home.

2 The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Beset them on each hand,
Bestrew their paths with evil;
Debar them from that land.
But Jesus still invites you:
Come, follow, follow me,
And I will fight your battles,
And gain your liberty.

3 O, why are you dismayed?
The Saviour now inquires,
When we are getting ready,
And just are going to rise;
To rise above triumphing,
In that bright world of joy,

Where all things are provided,
There's nothing to annoy.

4 In hopes of that bright morning,
When all the saints get home,
When we arrive at heaven,
Our most desired home,
I'll try to live a Christian
While here below I stay;
I'll watch and I'll be sober,
I'll watch and try to pray.

54. C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-sea
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest;
By war without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and biding place,
That shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him 'Thou hast died.'

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame!
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

6 'Poor tempest-toss'd soul, be still,
My promis'd grace receive;'
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

55. P. M

THE PREACHER'S ADIEU.

ADIEU! my dear brethren, adieu!
Reluctant I give you my hand!
No more to assemble with you,
Till we on Mount Zion shall stand.
My heart swells with tender regret
To leave your embraces so soon,
Though heaven my course must direct,
And others succeed in my room.

2 Your acts of benevolence past,
Your gentle compassionate love,
Henceforth in my memory shall last,
Though far from your sight I remove.
While roving the wilds of the west,
When through foreign regions I steer,
Still friendship inspiring my breast,
Shall then drop her own native tear.

3 Our labours will shortly subside,
For vigour and life must decay,

But wisdom and truth shall abide,
To pilot our souls on the way.
As time rolls his seasons around,
And truth shall new teachers inspire,
O may we in love still abound,
And after new conquests aspire.

4 Our seasons of converse are o'er,
Till mortal commotions are past,
Till nature and time are no more,
Or we are in Paradise blest.
Sweet comforting Spirit, draw near,
And shed forth thy luminous rays,
My parting reflections to cheer,
And change lamentation to praise.

5 O may we conform to HIS will,
Aspiring for glory and peace,
Our covenant vows to fulfil,
Till Jesus shall sign our release;
Till, suddenly wafted above,
Where saints in sweet harmony meet,
To feel all the pleasures of love,
And each happy conqueror greet.

56. P. M.

WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wandering through this lonely vale?
Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger?
And will not thy courage fail?

No, I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
O hallelujah, O hallelujah,
I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
O hallelujah, O hallelujah.

2 Pilgrim, thou hast justly call'd me,
Passing through a waste so wide,
But no harm will e'er befall me,
While I'm bless'd with such a guide.
For I'm bound, &c.

3 Such a guide: no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
O, I'm bound, &c.

4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
For I'm bound, &c.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No, I'm bound, &c.

6 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend,

Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.
For I'm bound, &c.

7 While I gaz'd, with speed surprising,
Down the stream she plung'd from sight;
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel cloth'd in light.
O, I'm bound, &c.

8 Cease, my heart, this mournful crying,
Death will burst this sullen gloom;
Soon my spirit, fluttering, flying,
Will be borne beyond the tomb.
For I'm bound, &c.

57. P. M.

TIME IS FLEETING MOMENTS.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through endless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly,
"Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That you must groan and die!"

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 How great the bliss, how great the wo,
Hangs on this inch of time below,
On this precarious breath ;
The Lord of nature only knows,
Whether another year shall close,
Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall run his round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot :
Alas! an hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months shall roll between,
My name be quite forgot.

6 But will my soul be thus extinct,
And cease to live, and cease to think ?
It cannot, cannot be ;
No, my immortal cannot die,
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free ?

7 Will mercy then her arms extend,
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
And heaven thy dwelling place ?
Or shall insulting fiends appear,

And drag thee down to dark despair,
Below the reach of grace?

8 A heaven or hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present life are known,
There is no middle space;
To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

9 O do not pass this as a dream,
Vast is the change, whate'r it seem,
To poor unthinking man:
Lord at thy footstool I would bow,
Bid conscience plainly tell me now,
What it would tell me then.

10 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose the better way,
That leads to joys on high;
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live,
Such as I dare not die.

58. P. M.

DESCRIPTION OF CHRIST.

Part First.

O THOU in whose presence
My soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day,

And my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide
Resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
For why in the valley
Of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander
An alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread;
Thy foes will rejoice
When my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion,
Declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say if in your tents
My beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone?

5 This is my beloved,
His form is divine,
His vestments shed odours around;
The locks on his head
Are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

6 The roses of sharon,
The lilies that grow,

In the vales on the banks of the streams;
On his cheeks in the beauty
Of excellence blow—
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

7 His voice as the sound
Of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death:
The cedars of Lebanon
Bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain
Of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation
The Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits in his eye-lids,
And scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubims
Veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.

10 He looks, and ten thousand
Of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity,
Fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

59. P. M.

DESCRIPTION OF CHRIST.

Part Second.

HIS vestments of righteousness
Who shall describe?
Its purity words would defile;
The heavens from his presence
Fresh beauties imbibe,
And earth is made rich by his smile.

2 Such is my beloved
In excellence bright,
When pleas'd he looks down from above,
Like the morn when he breathes
From the chambers of light,
And comforts his people with love.

3 But when armed with vengeance
In terror he comes,
The nations' rebellious to tame,
The reins of Omnipotent
Power he assumes,
And rides in a chariot of flame.

4 A two-edged sword
From his mouth issues forth,
Bright quivers of fire are his eyes;
He speaks, and black tempests
Are seen in the north,
And storms from their caverns arise.

5 Ten thousand destructions
That wait for his word,
And ride on the wings of his breath,
Fly swift as the wind
At the nod of their Lord,
And deal out the arrows of death.

6 His cloud-bursting thunders
Their voices resound,
Through all the vast regions on high,
Till from the deep centre
Loud echoes rebound,
And meet the quick flames in the sky.

7 The portals of heaven
At his bidding obey,
And expand ere his banner appear;
Earth trembles beneath,
Till her mountains give way,
And hell shakes her fetters with fear.

8 When he treads on the clouds,
As the dust of his feet,
And grasps the big storm in his hand;
What eye the fierce glance
Of his anger shall meet,
Or who in his presence shall stand?

60. S. M.

O SHALL we pine away,
And languish now with fear,

Because there are so few to-day
That's met together here?

2 Let us not be afraid,
Although we are but few;
For Jesus hath a promise made,
Who faithful is and true.

3 Where two or three are met,
In my eternal name,
There doth my blessed Spirit sit,
There in the midst I am.

4 Then let us faint no more,
Nor breathe a murmuring breath;
Nor when there are but few complain,
To drown our sacred mirth.

5 For if we meet in love,
To serve the loving Lord,
We have the pure assisting Dove,
According to his word.

61. L. M.

WELCOME, dear brethren, to this place!
Be banish'd every slavish fear!
Ye come to seek Immanuel's face—
And he has promis'd to be here.

2 Seek him in prayer—he'll surely come,
To do us good before we part!

Each humble breast he'll make his home,
And dwell in every waiting heart.

3 He'll come with all his waiting heart,
Of lively graces bright and strong;
Then shall the Lamb for sinners slain,
Sound loud and sweet from every tongue.

4 Oh then be earnest, take no nay,
He'll answer every good desire;
Give him your hearts—tho' cold as clay,
They'll melt like wax before the fire.

62. P. M.

DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN.

AMONG the Jewish nation one Daniel there was found,
Whose unexampled piety astonish'd all around;
They saw him very pious and faithful to the Lord,
Three times a day he bowed to supplicate his God.

2 Among the King's high princes this Daniel was the first,
The King preferr'd the spirit this Daniel did possess;
His unexampled piety, sustain'd their jealousy,
The princes sought his ruin—obtain'd a firm decree:

3 Should any man or woman, a supplication bring,
For thirty days ensuing, save unto thee, O King:
To any lord or master, or any other man,
They should, without distinction, fall in the lion's den.

4 But now when Daniel heard it, straight to his house he went,
To beg his God's protection, 'twas all his whole intent;
His windows being open, before his God he bow'd,
The princes were assembled, they saw him worship God.

5 They came to King Darius, and spake of his decree,
Saying, that Hebrew Daniel doth nothing care for thee;
Before his God he boweth three times in every day,
With all his windows open—and we have heard him pray.

6 Now when Darius heard it, his soul did sore lament,
He set his heart on Daniel, the sentence to prevent;

The princes then assembled, and to the
king they said,
Remember your great honor, likewise the
laws you made.

7 Darius then commanded that Daniel
should be brought,
And cast into the lion's den, because the
Lord he sought;
The king then said to Daniel, that God
whom you adore,
Will save you from the lions, and bless
you ever more.

8 The king went to his palace, and fasted
all the night,
He neither ate nor drank, nor in music
took delight;
So early the next morning, he stole along
the way,
And came unto the lion's den, where this
bold Hebrew lay.

9 Then with the voice of mourning, to
Daniel cry'd aloud,
Saying, O Daniel, Daniel, thou servant of
the Lord;
Is not thy God sufficient for to deliver thee?
That God in whom thou trustest, and
serves continually?

10 My God hath sent his angel and shut
the lion's jaws;
So that they have not hurt me, my ene-
mies they saw;
Then straight the king commanded to take
him out the den
Because in God he trusted, no harm was
found in him.

11 See how the faithful Daniel fear'd not
the face of clay,
'Twas not the king's commandment that
made him cease to pray;
He knew that God was with him, to save
his soul from death,
He trusted in Jehovah, and pray'd at ev-
breath.

SECOND PART.

Darius then commanded those wretches
to be brought,
Who had with so much boldness the life
of Daniel sought;
On women, men and children the sen-
tence being pass'd,
Amongt he angry lions those sinners then
were cast.

The lions rushed with vengeance upon
those wicked men

And tore them all to pieces ere they to the
bottom came.
Thus God will save his children who put
their trust in him,
And punish their offenders with agonies
extreme.

3 'Twas then a proclamation Darius is-
sued forth,
Commanding all the people that dwelt up-
on the earth,
To fear the God of Daniel, for he's the
living God,
Whose kingdom is for ever and shall not
be destroy'd.

4 He maketh signs and wonders in heaven
and on earth,
Who hath delivered Daniel, and shut the
lion's mouth;
Who saved the Hebrew children when cast
into the flame,
Who is the God of heaven, and spreads
his wide domain.

5 This Daniel's God is gracious to all
his children dear,
He gives them consolation and tells them
not to fear

He's promis'd to support them, and bring
them safe to dwell
Eternally in heaven, but dooms their foes
to hell.

6 Hark! sinners, hear the gospel, it says
to you, Repent!
Come try a bleeding Saviour, for you his
blood was spilt,
He died to purchase pardon, that we
might, by his power,
Escape the roaring lions that seek us to
devour.

7 O will you be persuaded by one who
loves your soul,
To turn and seek salvation with Christ in
heaven to dwell:
Come serve the God of Daniel, 'tis Jesus
bids you come,
You'll find a hearty welcome in Christ
the bleeding Lamb.

8 Glory to God, O glory, for his redeem-
ing love,
Religion makes us happy here, and will
in worlds above;
We'll sing bright hallelujahs, and join the
holy song,
With Moses, Job, and Daniel, and all the
heav'nly throng.

63. L. M.

EMMANUEL.

HAIL! God the Father, glorious light!
Hail! God the Son, my soul's delight!
Hail! Holy Ghost, eternal three!
One God through all eternity.
Ye glittering orbs around the skies,
But speak his glory in disguise;
Your silent language ne'er can tell,
The wisdom of Emmanuel.
Tall mountains that becloud the sky,
With all the hills that round you lie,
While time endures, you ne'er can tell
The wisdom of Emmanuel.

2 Ye trembling seas with awful roar,
Whose billows roar from shore to shore;
Your thundering language ne'er can tell
The power of Emmanuel.
Ye worlds on worlds with all your throng,
Through ev'ry clime extend the song;
He saved you from a gaping hell,
Yes, Glory to Emmanuel.
Behold him leave his ancient throne:
Behold him bleeding, hear him groan:
Death's iron chains would fail to tell
The strength of King Emmanuel.

3 Behold him take his ancient seat,

And millions bowing at his feet ;
He's conquer'd all the host of hell,
Yes, Glory to Emmanuel.
His fame shall spread from pole to pole,
While glory rolls from soul to soul ;
The gospel word goes far to tell
The fame of King Emmanuel.
While I am singing of his name,
My soul begins to feel the flame,
I'm full ! I'm full ! but ne'er can tell
The Glory of Emmanuel.

4 I long to hear the trumpet sound,
And see his glory blaze around,
Then will I shout, and sing, and tell,
Redemption through Emmanuel.
Ten thousand thousand in a throng,
Ten thousand thousand join the song,
The Saviour has done all things well,
Yes, Glory to Emmanuel.
My soul's transported with those charms
I long to be in Jesus' arms.
My loving brethren, all farewell,
I'll go to meet Emmanuel.

64. P. M.

ON DEATH.

HOW dreadful is the thought of death,
That soon will rob us of our breath,

Though careless some remain ;
In glory Christ you'll never see—
Remember, sinner, this from me—
You'll feel eternal pain.

2 Soon will your day of grace be o'er
Its loss forever you'll deplore,
Come, now it's in thy power ;
O fly to the Redeemer's breast,
On which you may securely rest,
In death's uncertain hour

3 When death our bodies shall assail,
Our stronger passions then will fail,
It sinks us to the grave :
Riches shall then be no defence,
Nor all the powers of eloquence,—
Jesus alone can save.

4 No more let us in sin delight,
But all our days against it fight ;
And when we come to die,
In Christ a lively faith we'll have,
Which reaches far beyond the grave,
And bids us death defy.

5 The righteous soon will meet above,
And prove the Saviour's boundless love—
O, may we with them join !
In concert with the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In ecstasies divine

65. C. M.

FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod.
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Some fellowship with God.

2 Say, what is there below the sky,
O'er all the paths thou'st trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God?

3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.

4 Not health or friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delights and comfort show,
As fellowship with God.

5 When I in love am made to bear
Affliction's needful rod;
Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

6 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
And dark distraction's road,
I'm happy if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

7 And when the icy arms of death,

Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.

8 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And join the blest abode—
There an eternity I'll spend,
In fellowship with God.

66. P. M.

THERE is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy for ever roll,
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I hope to rest my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray;
But since my Saviour found me,
A light has shone along my way.

2 My way is full of danger,
But 'tis the path that leads to God;
Then like a valiant soldier,
I'll dauntless keep the happy road.
Now I must gird my sword on,
My helmet, breast plate, and my shield,
And fight the hosts of Satan,
Until I gain the heavenly field.

3 I'm on my way to Canaan,
Still guided by my Saviour's hand;

O come along, dear sinner,
And see Emmanuel's happy land.
To all that stay behind me,
I bid a long, a long farewell:
O come, or you'll repent it,
When you do reach the gates of hell!

4 The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before!
O how I stand and tremble
To hear the dismal waters roar!
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there!
From sinking down to darkness,
And to the regions of despair?

5 The waves shall not affright me,
Although they're deeper than the grave;
If Jesus will stand by me,
I'll calmly ride on Jordan's wave;
His word has calm'd the ocean,
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale;
O may this friend be with me,
When through the gates of death I sail!

6 Then come thou king of terror,
And with thy weapons lay me low!
I soon shall reach that region,
Where everlasting pleasures flow.
Now, Christians, I must leave you

A few more days to suffer here;
Through grace I soon shall meet you—
My soul exults—I'm almost there.

7 But O the thoughtless company
That crowd the road that leads to wo!
For them I'm filled with sympathy—
I soon must bid them all adieu!
O sinners, must I leave you,
No more to join your social band!
No more to stand before you!
Till at the judgment seat we stand.

9 Soon the archangel's trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole
And all the wheels of nature,
Shall in a moment cease to roll!
Then I shall see my Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance,
And take his ransomed people home.

67. P. M.

SAV'D by grace, I live to tell
What the love of Christ has done,
He redeemed my soul from hell,
Of a rebel made a son;
Oh! I tremble still to think
How secure I liv'd in sin;

Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserv'd from falling in.

2 In a kind propitious hour,
To my heart the Saviour spoke;
Touch'd me by his Spirit's power,
And my dangerous slumber broke.
Then I saw and own'd my guilt;
Soon my gracious Lord replied,
'Fear not, I my blood have spilt,
'Twas for such as thee I died.'

3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possessed my heart;
Can I hope thy grace to prove,
After acting such a part?
'Thou has greatly sinn'd,' he said,
'But I freely all forgive;
I myself thy debt have paid,
Now I bid thee rise and live.'

4 Come, my fellow sinners, try,
Jesus' heart is full of love;
Oh that you as well as I.
May his wondrous mercy prove!
He has sent me to declare,
All is ready, all is free;
Why should any soul despair,
When he saved a wretch like me?

68. P. M.

WHEN sorrows encompass me round
And deepest distresses I see;
Astonish'd I cry, can a mortal be found,
That's surrounded by trouble like me?

2 Few moments of peace I enjoy,
And they are succeeded by pain;
If a moment of praising my God I enjoy
I have hours again to complain.

3 O when shall my sorrow be o'er?
O when shall my sufferings cease?
O when to the bosom of Christ be convey'd
To the mansions of glory and peace?

4 If souls disembodied can know,
Or visit their brother beneath;
I hope I shall join you as shouting you go,
After laying my corpse in the earth.

5 May no sorrow be vented that day,
When Jesus hath called me home;
But with singing and shouting let each brother say,
He has gone from the evil to come.

6 My spirit to glory convey'd,
My body laid low in the ground;
I wish not a tear on my grave to be shed,
But all join in praising around.

7 O'erwhelmed with the fullness of love,
I then like an angel shall sing;
Till Christ shall descend with a shout from above,
And make all creation to ring.

8 Our slumbering bodies obey,
And quicker than thought shall arise;
Remov'd in a moment, go shouting away
To the mansions above in the skies.

69. C. M.

HOW blest are they whose hearts are clean
From every sinful stain;
Who sanctified by grace have been,
And still in grace remain.

2 Come, O my soul, and stop not short
Of sanctifying love;
Let not the world thy affections court
Nor draw them from above.

3 Think with surprise, at what a price
Thy pardon hath been bought;
For thee the Saviour offered pain,
For thee was set at naught.

4 For thee who was an heir of hell,
The Lord hath purchas'd heaven;
For thee he did sore anguish feel
That thou might be forgiven

5 When justice bared its sword at thee,
And would have cut thee down,
As a poor barren fruitless tree,
That cumber'd long the ground—

6 How swiftly did thy Saviour move,
To save thee from the stroke,
With eyes of pity, fill'd with love,
He did upon thee look.

7 Canst thou forget that heavenly ray
Which did thy guilt remove,
And banish'd all thy fears away;
That gracious look of love?

8 Ah, no! I never can forget,
But ever will adore;
His lovely name I will repeat,
While on this mournful shore.

9 And when I bid this world adieu,
I hope my heaven t' obtain,
And there in anthems ever new,
Repeat the glorious strain.

70. L. M.

YOUNG people, all attention give,
While I address you in God's name;
You who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsel of a friend.

2 I've sought for bliss in glittering toys

And rang'd the luring scenes of vice,
But never knew substantial joys,
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.

3 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And wash'd my load of guilt away;
He gave me glory, peace and heaven,
And thus I found the heavenly way.

4 And now with trembling sense I view
The billows roll beneath your feet:
For death eternal waits for you
Who slight the force of gospel truth.

5 Youth like the spring will soon be gone,
By fleeting time or conquering death;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.

6 Your sparkling eyes & blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding-sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

7 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns and vapours roll
In solemn darkness round your head.

8 Your friends will pass the lonesome place
And with a sigh move slow along;
Still gazing on the spires of grass

With which your graves are overgrown.

9 Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns and billows roar.
And roll amid the burning flames,
When thousand, thousand years are o'er.

10 Sunk in the shades of endless night,
To groan and howl in ceaseless pain,
And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.

11 Ye blooming youth, this is the state,
Of all who do free grace refuse;
And soon with you 'twill be too late,
The way of life in Christ to choose.

12 Come lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God;
But with the gospel now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

71. P. M.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let each one thy love posssessing
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;

May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives be found.
May thy presence, may thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey—
May we ever, may we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

72. C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl.
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks,
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views of human sight,
Have never yet been seen

4 If heaven be thus so glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly's this that I should dread

To die and go from hence?

5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace
And causè me to ascend,
Where congregrations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care,
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

73. C. M.

ARISE, my soul, to Pisgah's height,
And view the promis'd land;
And see by faith the glorious sight,
Our heritage at hand.

2 A land where pure enjoyments dwell,
And blessing's most divine;
Where saints their highest notes shall swell
And in bright glory shine

3 There endless springs of pleasure flow,
At my Redeemer's side,
For all who live in faith below,
And in their Lord confide.

4 Fair Salem's dazzling gates are seen,
Just o'er the narrow flood;
And fields adorn'd in living green,
The residence of God.

5 O could I cross rough Jordan's wave,
No danger would I fear,
My bark would every tempest brave,
For O, my Shepherd's near.

6 T' enrich my soul with fresh supplies,
Of faith, and hope, and love;
With courage then I'll win the prize,
And reign with him above.

7 Though death's cold wave compass me round,
And heavy tempests roar,
My little bark in safety's found,
For Jesus guides me o'er.

8 Should storms of grief and sorrow blow,
On this devoted breast;
My Saviour's love shall guard me through,
To everlasting rest.

9 In him I live, in him I move,
My only sure defence;
The source of sweet redeeming love,

My heavenly recompense.

10 My conflicts here shall soon be past,
Where wild distraction reigns,
Thro' toils and death I'll reach at last,
Fair Canaan's happy plains.

11 The lamp of life will soon grow pale,
The spark will soon decay;
And then my happy soul shall sail
To everlasting day.

74. S. M.

THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear;
Oh! may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest,
So death will soon unrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unclouded sun,
May we set out to win the prize
And after glory run

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O, may we in thy bosom rest—
The bosom of thy love.

75. C. M.

DESIRES AFTER RENEWED HOLINESS.

OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb:

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd;
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But now I feel an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
What'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God;
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

76. P. M.

SAW ye my Saviour! saw ye my Saviour!
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
Oh! he died on Calvary, to atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended! he was extended!
Shamefully nailed to the cross!
Oh! he bowed his head and died! thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain;
Oh! The sun refused to shine, when his majesty divine
Was derided, insulted and slain.

4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed
Darkness prevailed o'er the land,
O, the solid rocks were rent, through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-ma

5 When it was finish'd when it was finish'd
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great, and embalm'd
in spices sweet,
And in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail mighty Saviour! Hail mighty Saviour!
Prince and the author of peace,
O, he burst the bands of death, and, triumphant through the east,
He ascended to the mansions of bliss.

7 Now interceding, now interceding!
Pleading that sinners may live!
Crying, Father, I have died! O, behold
my hands and side,
To redeem them—I pray thee forgive!

8 I will forgive them, I will forgive them,
If they'll repent and believe;
Let them now return to me, and be reconcil'd to thee,
And salvation they all shall receive.

77.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,

And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they wisper!—angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes!—it disappears!—
Heaven opens on mine eyes!—mine ears
With sounds seraphick ring!—
Lend, lend your wings—I mount!—I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?—
O death, where is thy sting?

78. P. M.

DAY of Judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound!
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me on that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea
All the powers of nature shaken,
By his looks prepare to flee:
Careless sinner
What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors past imagination
Will then surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence accursed wretch depart!
Thou with Satan,
And his angels have thy part!"

5 But to those who have confessed,
Sav'd and serv'd your Lord below,
He will say "Come in ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall my love in glory know."

6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
Let this thought our courage raise;
Swiftly Gods' great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be turned to praise;
May we triumph
When this world is in a blaze.

79.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee'

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright morning STAR, bid darkness flee.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! O, as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! empty pride!
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And, O, may this my portion be,
My Saviour not asham'd of me!

80. C. M.

Hebrews xii. 1, 2.

LO! what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around;
Men once like us with suff'ring tried,
But now with glory crown'd:

2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race

And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path,
Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith.

4 He, for the joy before him set,
And mov'd by pitying love,
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
And now he reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand!
There, with the Saviour and his saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

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